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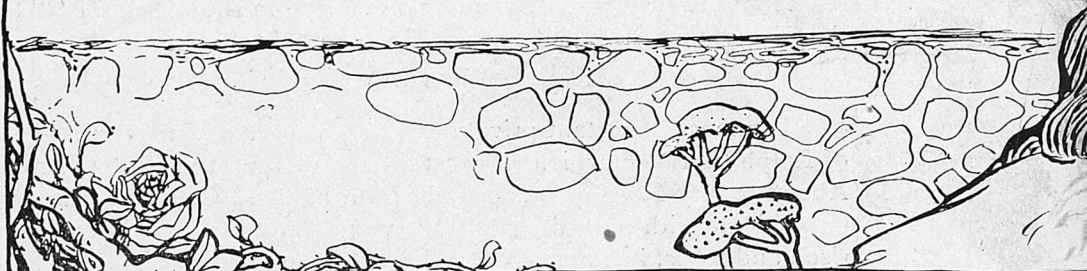
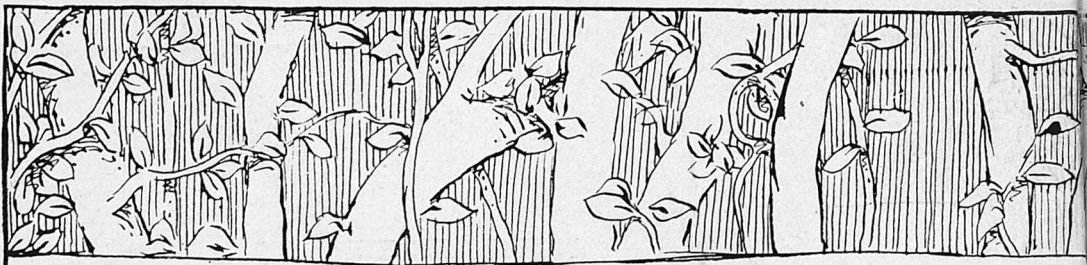
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The Goog

Say do you remember the googoo days,
Long ago when life was new,
Before we had learned the rough world's ways
And hadn't a care or a thing to do
But just ran wild where the wild flowers grew?
Skies were bluer then than now,
Time ran slower it seemed somehow,
While the sun shone gold through the golden
haze
That gilded the world in the googoo days.

In the googoo days that we loved so well
Fairies dwelt in all the flowers,
And in the cup of each wind-rocked bell
They lay and slumbered away the hours



o Days.

Safe from the sun and the summer showers;
Lulled by the slumber songs of bees
With endless drowsy melodies,
But under the pale moon's silver rays,
They danced on the green in the googoo days.

But the googoo days have passed away,
Our hearts are changed, so cold they grow
That the world seems empty and chill and grey
And not the world that we used to know
In the googoo days of long ago.
And I dream, when I'm tired of toil and pain,
Not of wealth in the vain world's praise,
But I long for my old child heart again
And the gladsome light of the googoo days.

